

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

FEBRUARY
No. 46

COMICS 10¢

Blackhawk

and his
SOLDIERS OF
FORTUNE
Patrol the
World!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

VOLTO

FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY! I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!



BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREE'S FALLING ON ME!



AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

LOOK! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS...



JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!



AND LATER—AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP—GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!



SAY! THIS IS GREAT! THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU—BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!



Wipe out the tyrants
NOW ----

Save the world from
ANOTHER WAR!

Thus speaks
Blackhawk!



BLACKHAWK



At Blackhawk Island...

THAT CARRIER PIGEON, CHOP-CHOP -- IS IT ONE OF OURS?

NO, MISTEE BLACKHAWK! IS STRANGE BIRDEE -- HURT BAD, GONNA TAKE FALL!



DEAD! SHOOT THROUGH BODY!

THIS MESSAGE IT CARRIED -- ORIENTAL WRITING, BUT STRANGE!



OLD-FASHION STYLE LIGHTING -- FLOM MOUNTAIN COUNTLEE -- SAI FAN! TELL INYASION -- STLANGERS KILL, BURN!

HOY, BLACKHAWK! WHAT BAN GO ON! EXCITEMENT, YAH!



INVASION OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF SAI FAN! SOUNDS LIKE JAP RENEGADES -- TRYING TO SET UP A HIDDEN BASE!

WHAT WE BAN WAIT FOR! YUMP IN PLANES, GO LUMP THEIR DUMPLINGS!



No sooner said than done! The Blackhawks take the air!

WE SEEK OUR FOEMEN OUT AND PUT THEM ALL TO ROUT -- WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



LOOK UP AHEAD! BIG MOUNTAINS -- COUNTLEE OF SAI FAN!

I DOUBT IF THERE'S MUCH OF A LANDING FIELD FOR US, BUT --



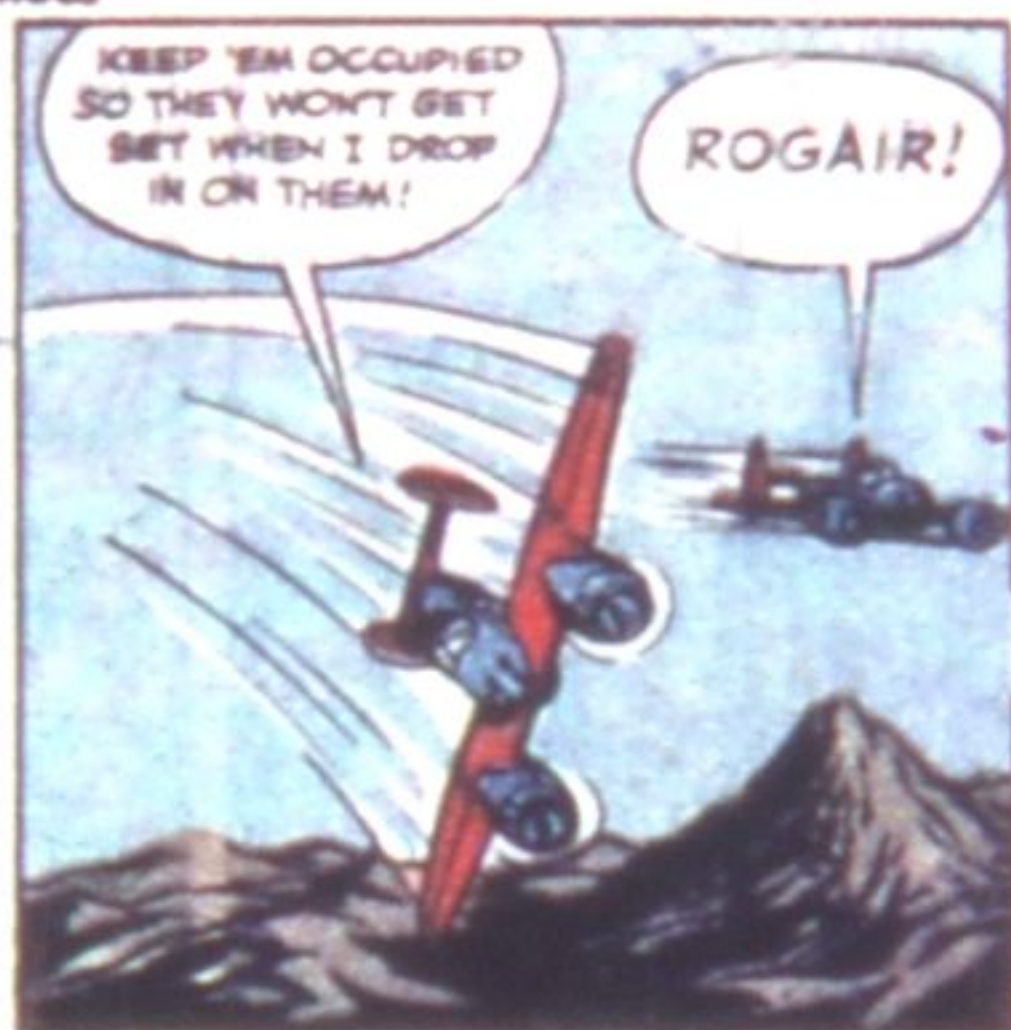
FOREIGN DEVILS!

THEY DON'T TRUST OUTSIDERS! NO WONDER, IF THEY'VE MET THE JAPS!



BLACKHAWK! ZAT BBS AN ANCIENT BUT DANGEROUS WEAPON! BBS IT THAT WE GEEVE ZEM - WHAT YOU CALL - ZE BEEHNESS?

NO, ANDRE! WE'RE NOT ENEMIES TO THE NATIVES - THEY ONLY THINK WE ARE!



KEEP 'EM OCCUPIED SO THEY WON'T GET BET WHEN I DROP IN ON THEM!

ROGAIR!



HEAVEN'S CURSE! ANOTHER MISS!

CIRCLE, CHOP-CHOP! WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL!



SEE, ONE OF THEM ATTACKS! I WILL CUT HIM DOWN!

NO, WAIT! EVEN IN SAI FAN HIS LIKENESS IS KNOWN - HE IS -



---BLACKHAWK!

GLAD TO MEET YOU! WE PICKED UP YOUR PIGEON MESSENGER AND CAME TO HELP!



WHERE CAN WE LAND OUR PLANE? WHAT'S THE NEAREST FLAT GROUND?

ALAS, THE JAPANESE HOLD ALL THE VALLEYS AND MEADOWS! THERE IS BUT THAT MOUNTAIN LEDGE---





LOOK!
SAI FAN
CAVALRY!

THEY HAVE NOT ENOUGH
HORSES TO MAKE A RUSH
UPON US! AND MEN ON FOOT
ARE TOO SLOW — OUR
GUNS WOULD MOW
THEM DOWN!



ALL WE ASK IS
A CHANCE TO
SHOOT THEM
FULL OF HOLES,
EXCELLENCY!

KEEP THE GUARD WELL!
WE WANT NO CLOSE GRAPPLE
WITH THOSE SAI FAN
WAR-FIENDS!



YOU SEE! THE OPEN SPACE
IS TOO WIDE FOR INFANTRY
TO CROSS — AND WE ARE
SHORT ON HORSES!

MY PLANES
MIGHT CATCH
THAT TOWN OFF
GUARD AND
BOMB IT TO
BITS —



NO, BLACKHAWK! THE
TOWN IS FULL OF OUR
CAPTURED FRIENDS! THEY
MUST NOT DIE BY
BOMBS!

FALL BACK,
TULA! I SEE
JAPANESE
SCOUTS!



I SEE TWO
ENEMY — A MAN
AND A
WOMAN —

CATCH THEM!
THE MAN WE
KILL!



SURRENDER!
WE HAVE
YOU!

WE WILL TRAP
THEM AMONG
THOSE
TREES!



GOOD WORK, MEN! THE TRAP WORKED PERFECTLY!

THESE ARE BLACKHAWKS!



SAY UNCLE!

YOU TRY JU-JIT-SEE? CHOP-CHOP SHOW YOU CHINESE STYLE!



OUR FIRST ENEMY PRISONERS! KILL THEM!

NO, TULA! QUESTION THEM!



TELL US WHAT FORCES YOU HAVE IN THE TOWN YONDER! HOW ARE THEY MARSHALLED?

WE TELL NOTHING! WE DEMAND GOOD TREATMENT AS PRISONERS OF WAR!



THESE MEN HAVE RAVAGED MY COUNTRY! LET MY PEOPLE HAVE THEM!

JUST AS YOU SAY, TULA! THE MEN OF SA FAN HAVE SCORES TO PAY!—



NO! NO! PROTECT US FROM THESE TORTURING NATIVES!

TALK, THEN, AND SAVE YOUR YELLOW SKIN!



THE TOWN IS HELD BY ONLY MODERATE FORCE—BUT WITH PLENTY OF HEAVY WEAPONS!

I FIGURED THAT, CHUCK! SHUT THESE CAPTIVES IN A CAVE AND REPORT BACK FOR A CONFERENCE!



The scouts climb—but the Blackhawks are ready!

DON'T LET
THE YIP MAKE
A YIP!



ALL SEEMS CLEAR—
NO SOUND UP THERE!
WE PASS THROUGH
AND MEET THE
SCOUTS BEYOND!



WE'VE GOT 'EM
BOXED IN THE
PASSAGE!
OPEN FIRE!



At close range every
shot goes home—the
Japanese are cut to
pieces!



RUN! WARN OUR
FRIENDS THAT THE
SAI FAN FORCES ARE
THREATENING —



RIDE
THESE MEN
DOWN!

NONE MUST
ESCAPE!

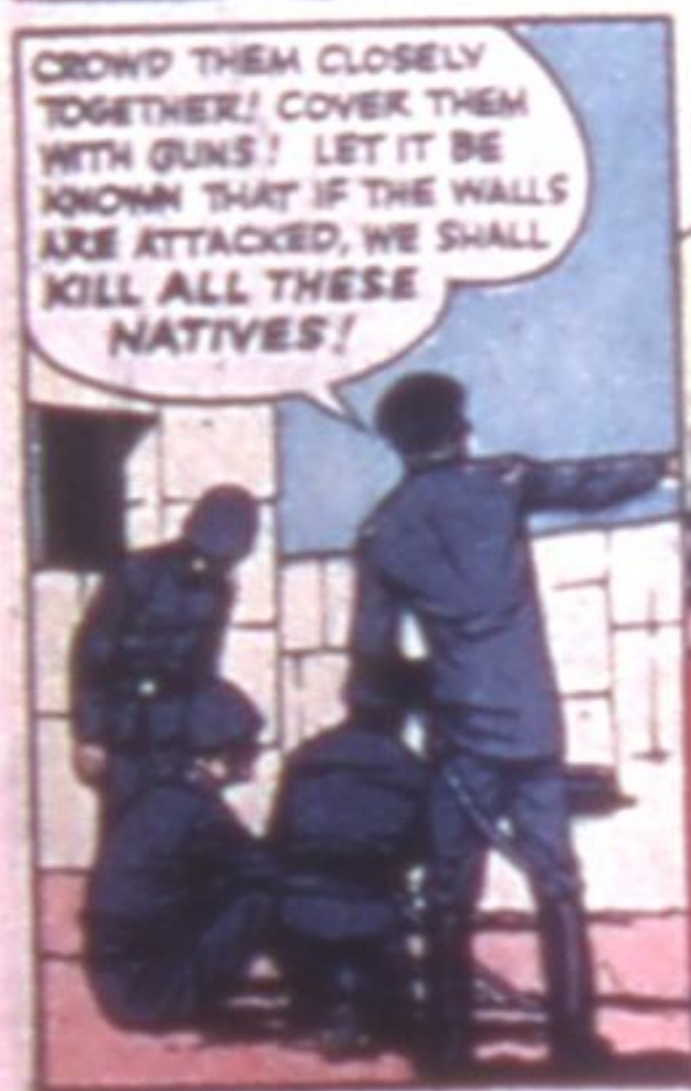


BULLSEYE!

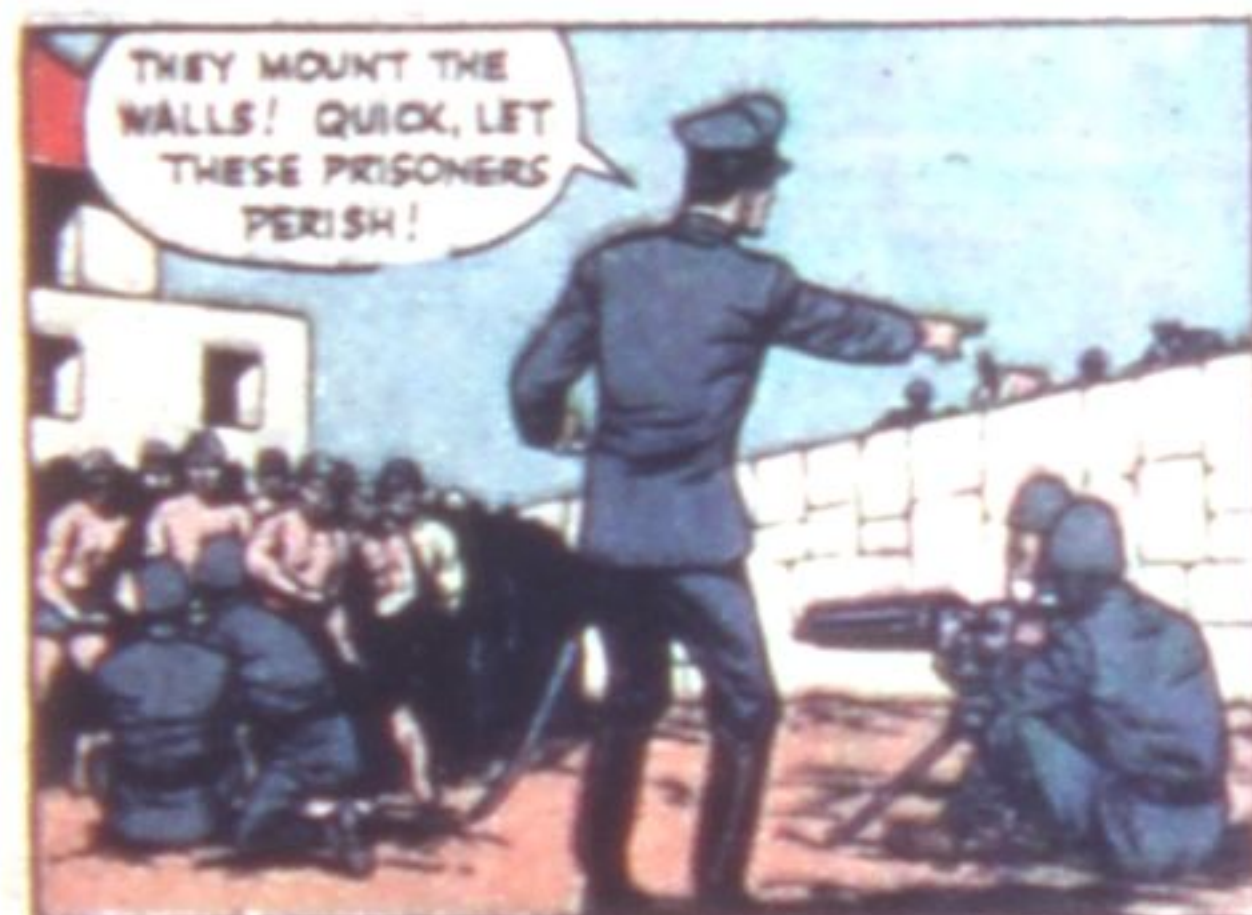
NOT ONE WILL
SURVIVE TO
CARRY THE
WARNING!







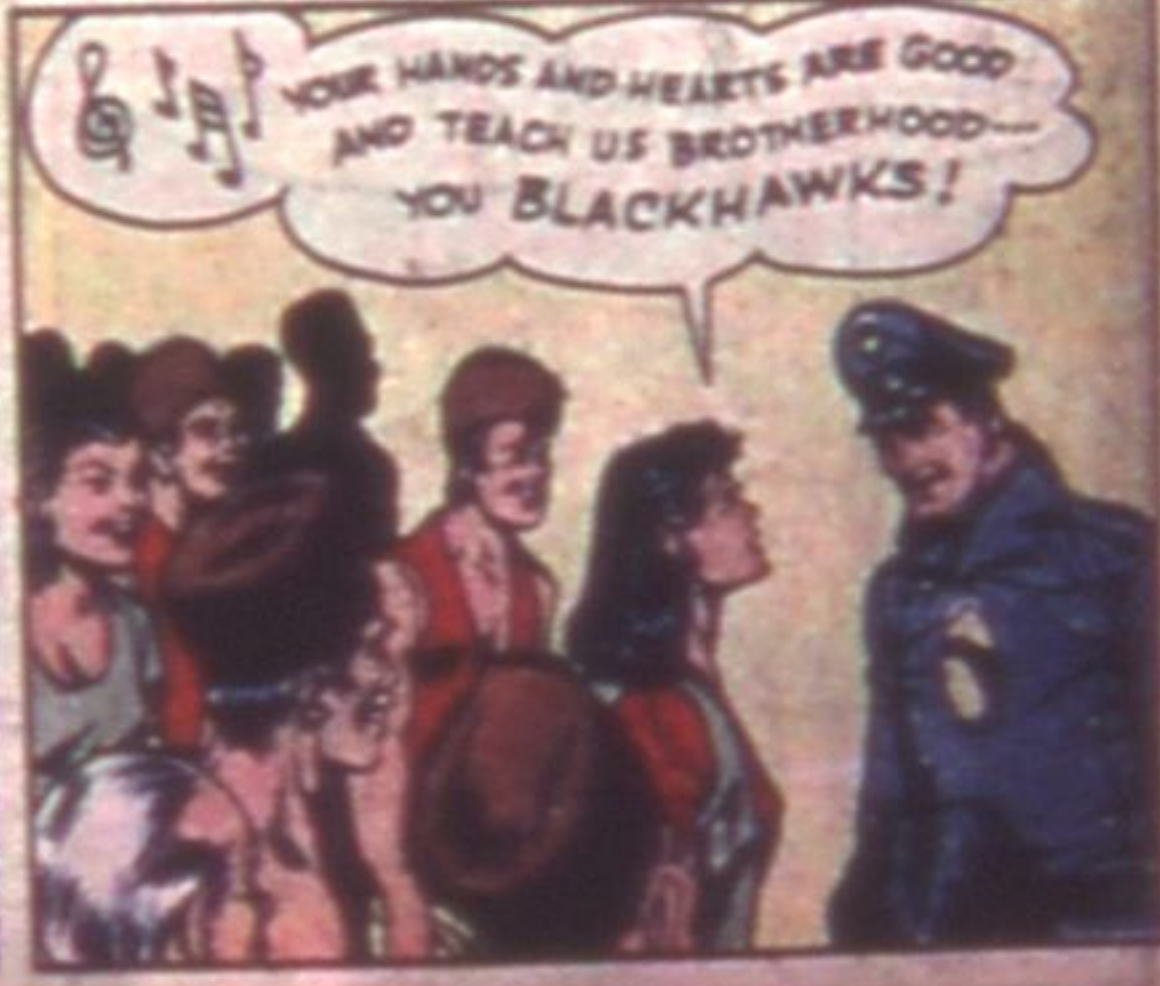






A survivor reaches main headquarters.....





CHOO CHOO

WELL, WHAT DOES THE GREAT ONE HAVE ON THE FIRE NOW TO FURTHER HER CAREER?

CHERRY, MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO MAKE BIG STRIDES IN THE THEATRE TODAY!



SO AM I, CHOO CHOO! I'M ALMOST LATE FOR WORK!

I HAVE A LITTLE PUBLICITY PLAN WORKED OUT THAT WILL PUT ME ON THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY PAPER IN TOWN!

DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED OF HUM DRUM JOBS? WHAT IS IT YOU'RE DOING NOW? ... OH, YES, USHERING!

WELL, I GET TO SEE ALL THE FIRST RUN PICTURES!

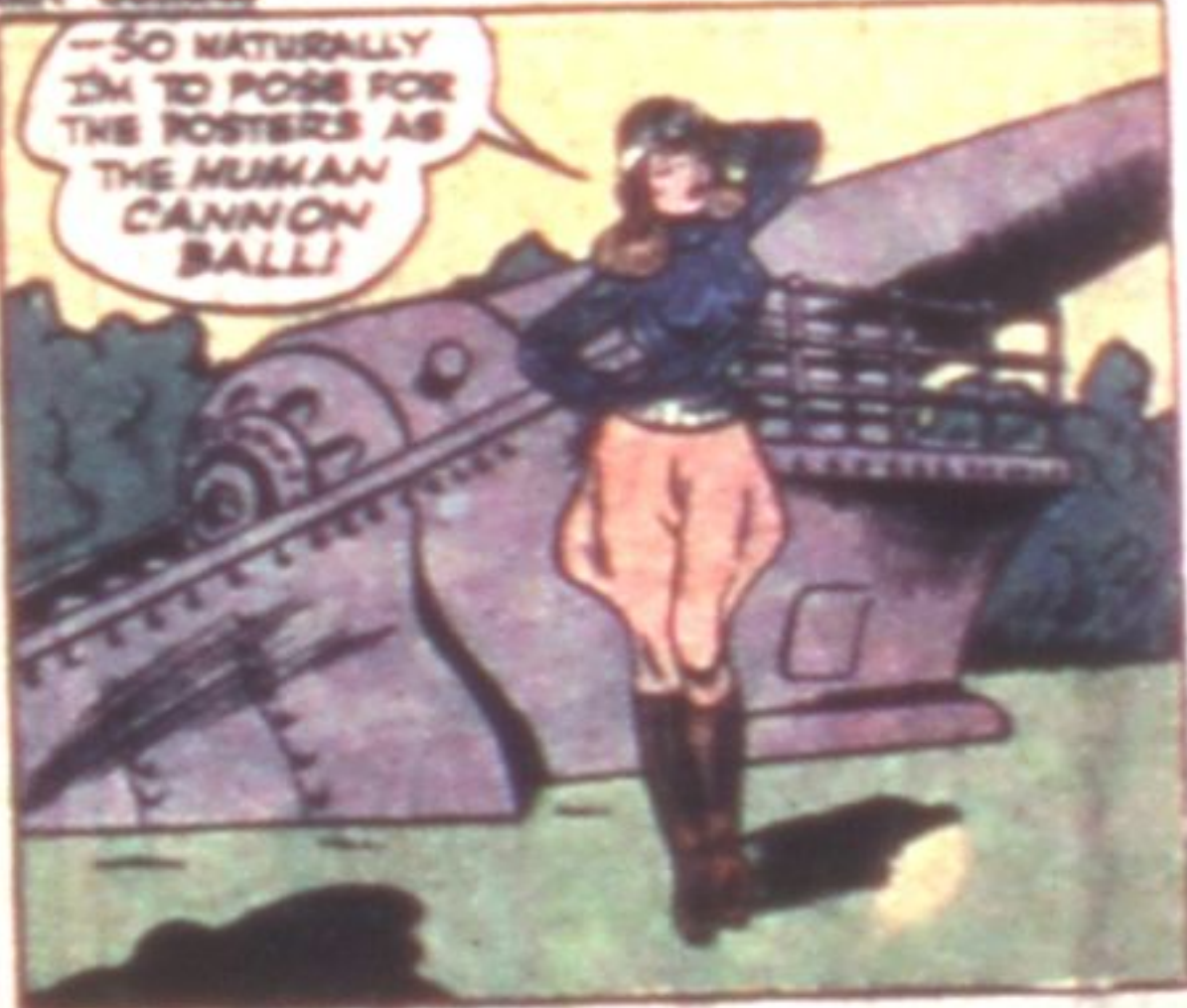




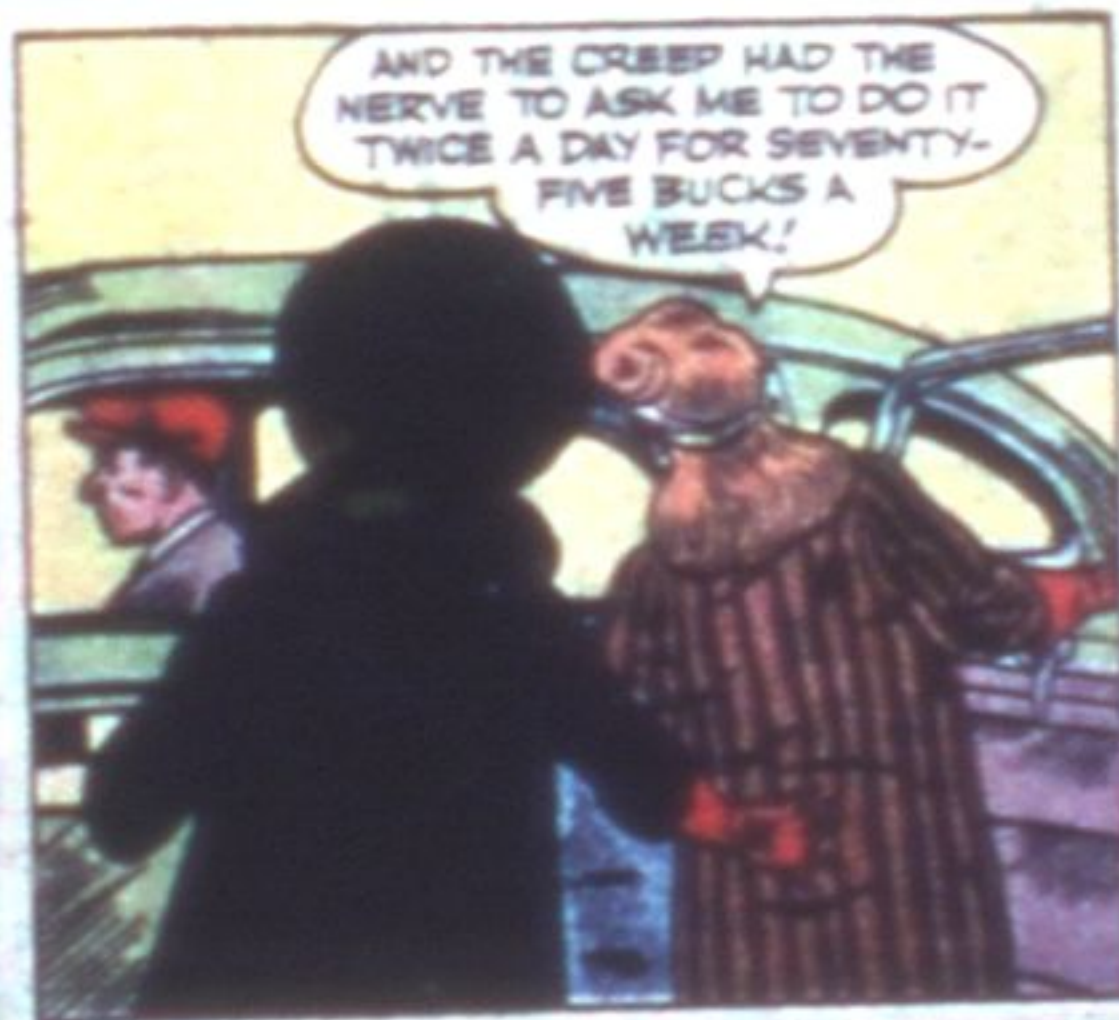












DEATH PATROL

NOW LOOK HERE,
KIDS! HAVE SOME
RESPECT FOR
THE LAW!

PHOOEY!

G'WAN AND
PEDDLE YER
JAIL
SENTENCES,
JUDGE!

ZING!

DEATH PATROL,
that fearless
gang of
CRIMINAL-CATCHING,
ADVENTURE-SEEKING
Sky Devils,
plays
nurse-maid
to
FIVE BAD
BOYS!

HIS
HONOR

JUVENILE COURT

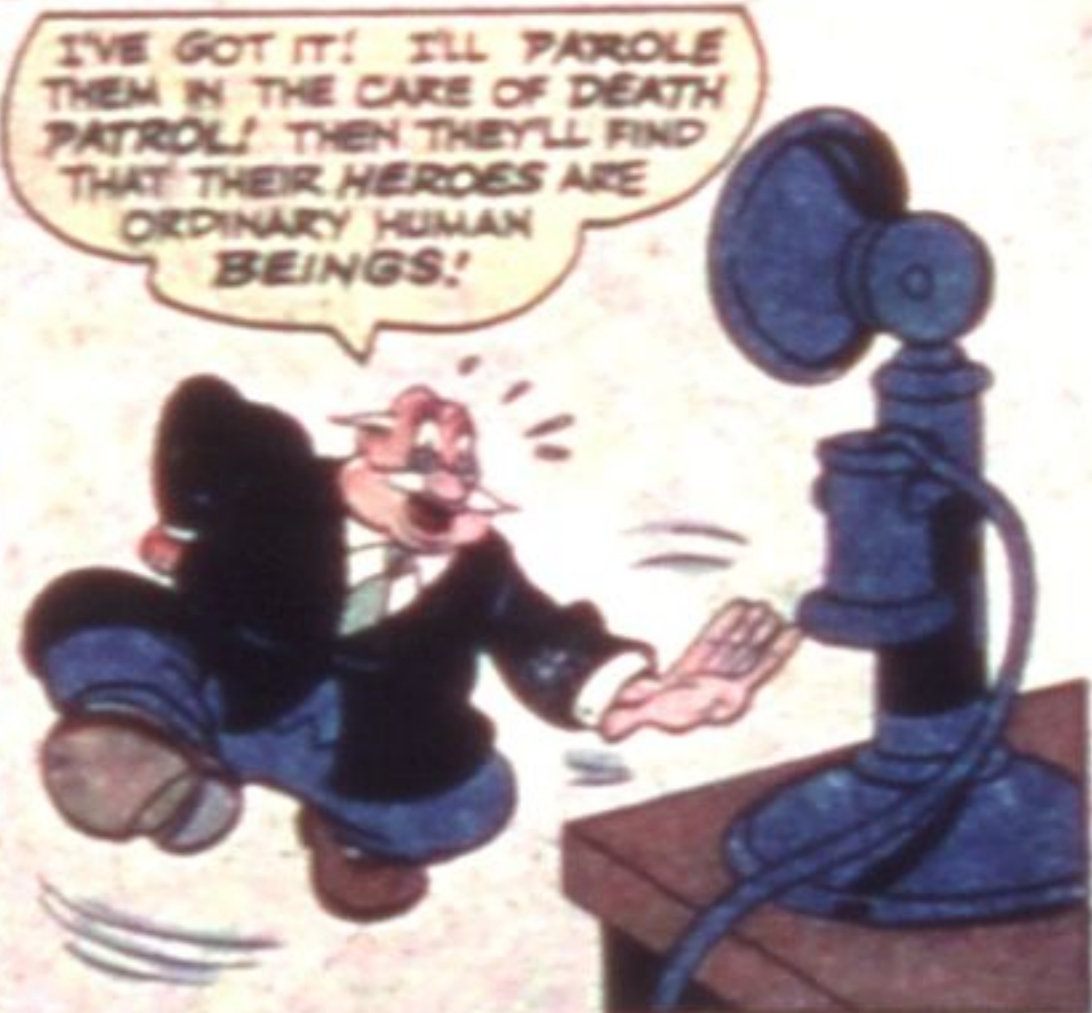
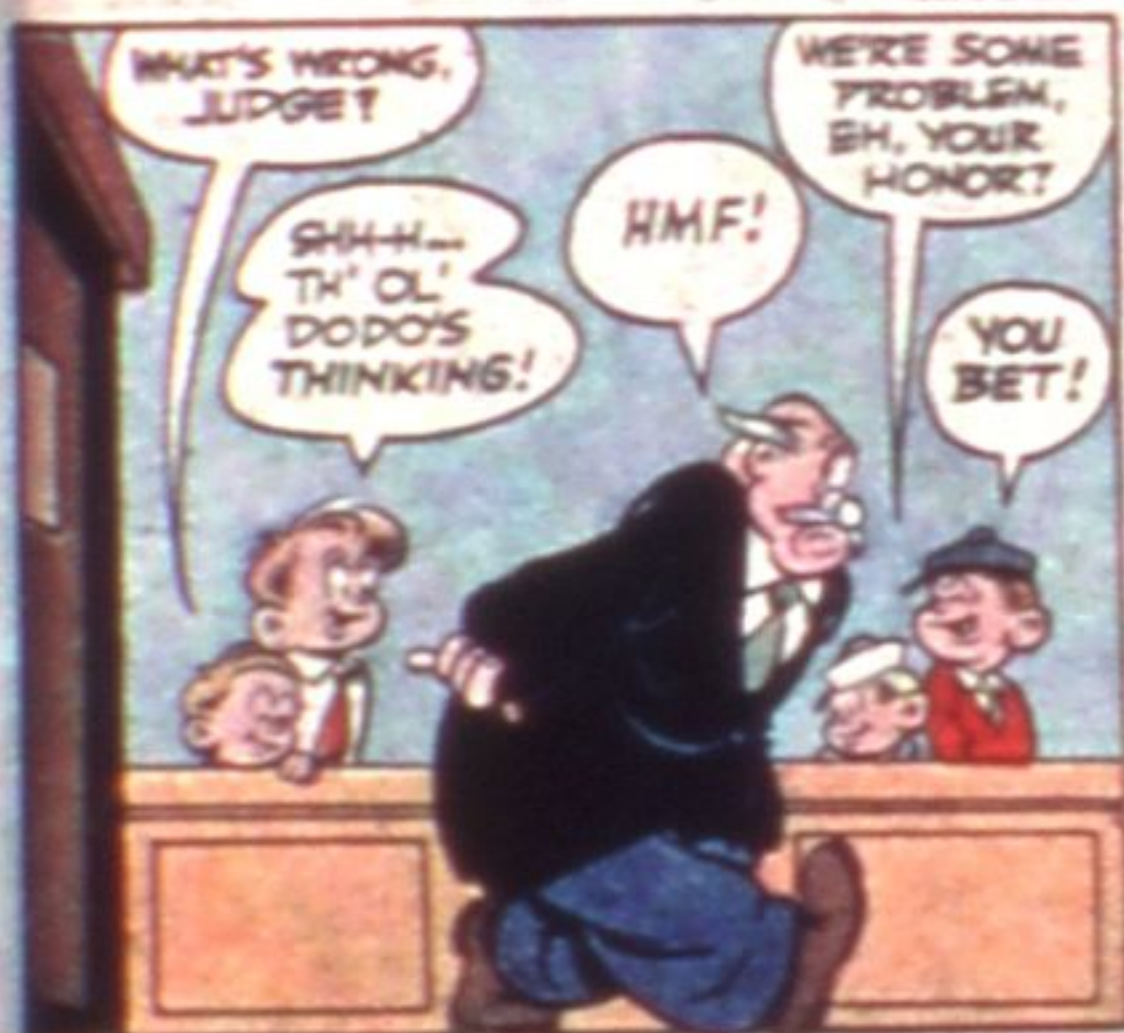
by
AL STANLEY

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT!
WHAT IS THIS YOUNGER
GENERATION COMING
TO, ANYWAY!

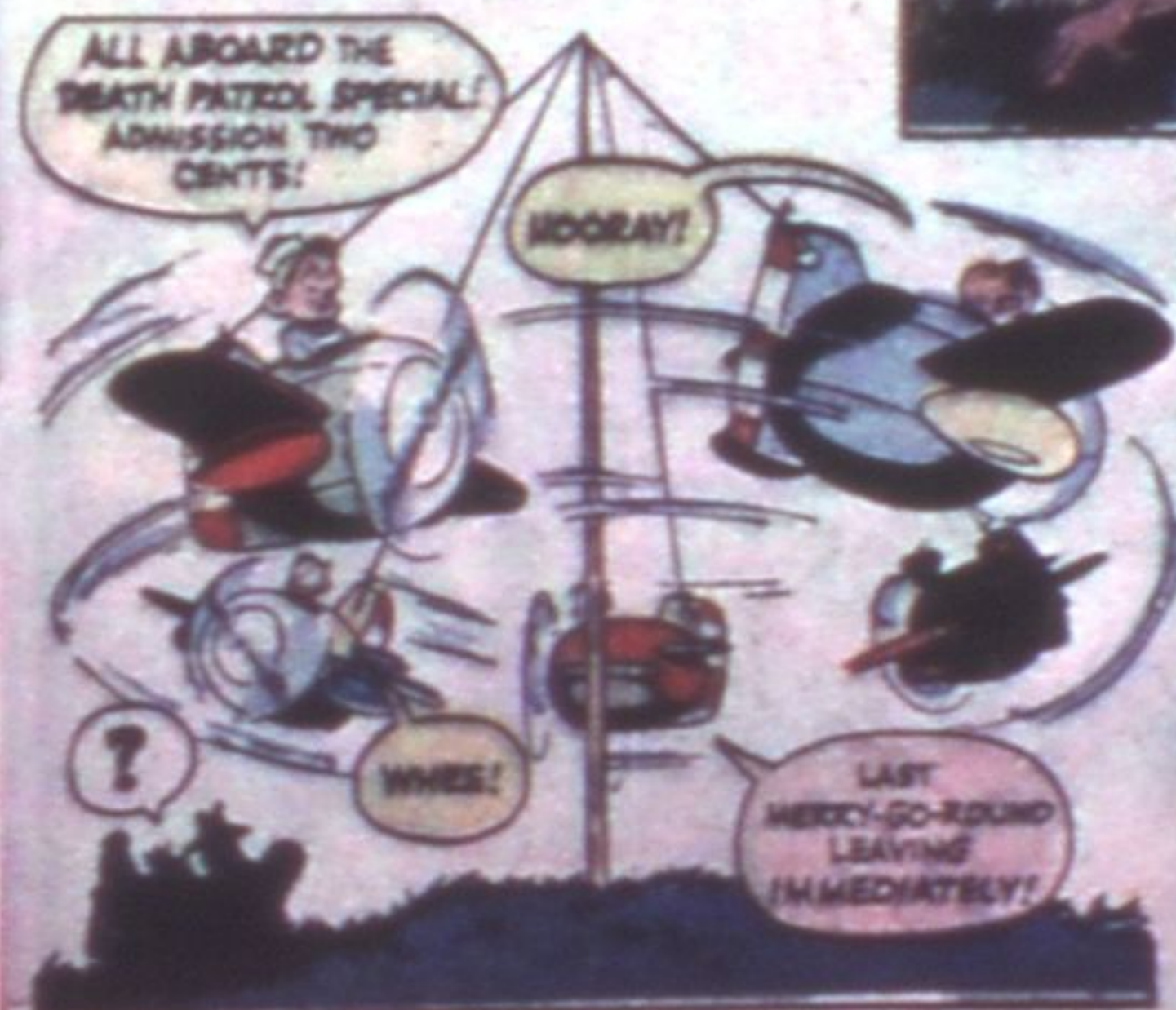
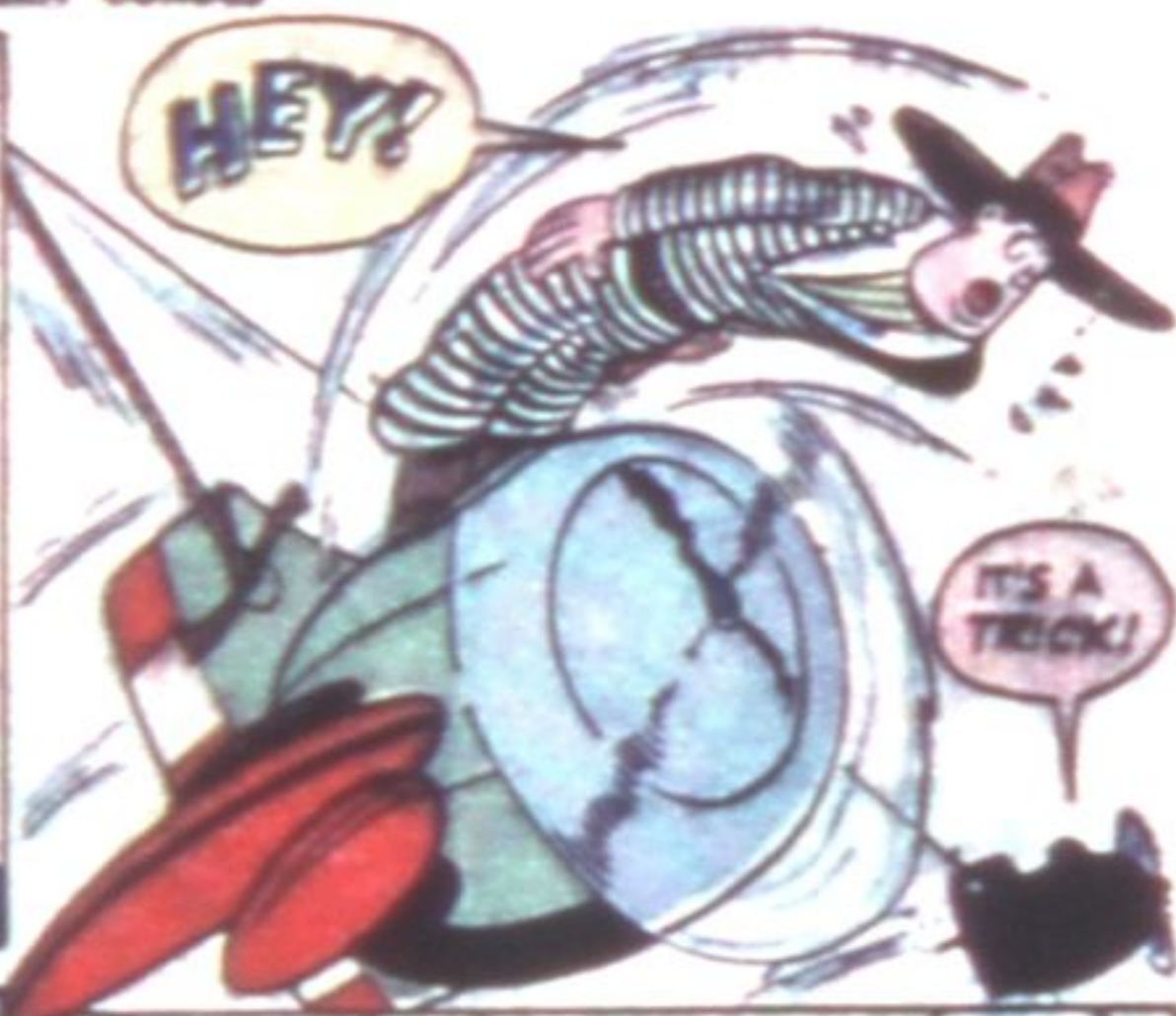
ZING!

YER HONOR, OL' BEAN...
WE'RE ENTIRELY WITHIN
OUR RIGHTS!... WE
PATTERN OUR
ACTIVITIES
AFTER DEATH
PATROL!... SO
THERE!

WHAT?







JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



PRIVATE DOGTAG

I'VE GOT THE
RIGHT EQUIPMENT!
I'M JUST IN THE
WRONG WAR!

by
AL STAHL



At a home for veterans
of both sides of the
Civil War...

C'MON OUT
AN' FIGHT,
REBEL!

I GOT PLENTY O' YOU
BLUEBELLIES AT SHILON,
FIGHTING FROM COVER
THISAWAY!

THEN I'LL
SMOKE YOU OUT!
CHA-A-R-R-G-E!







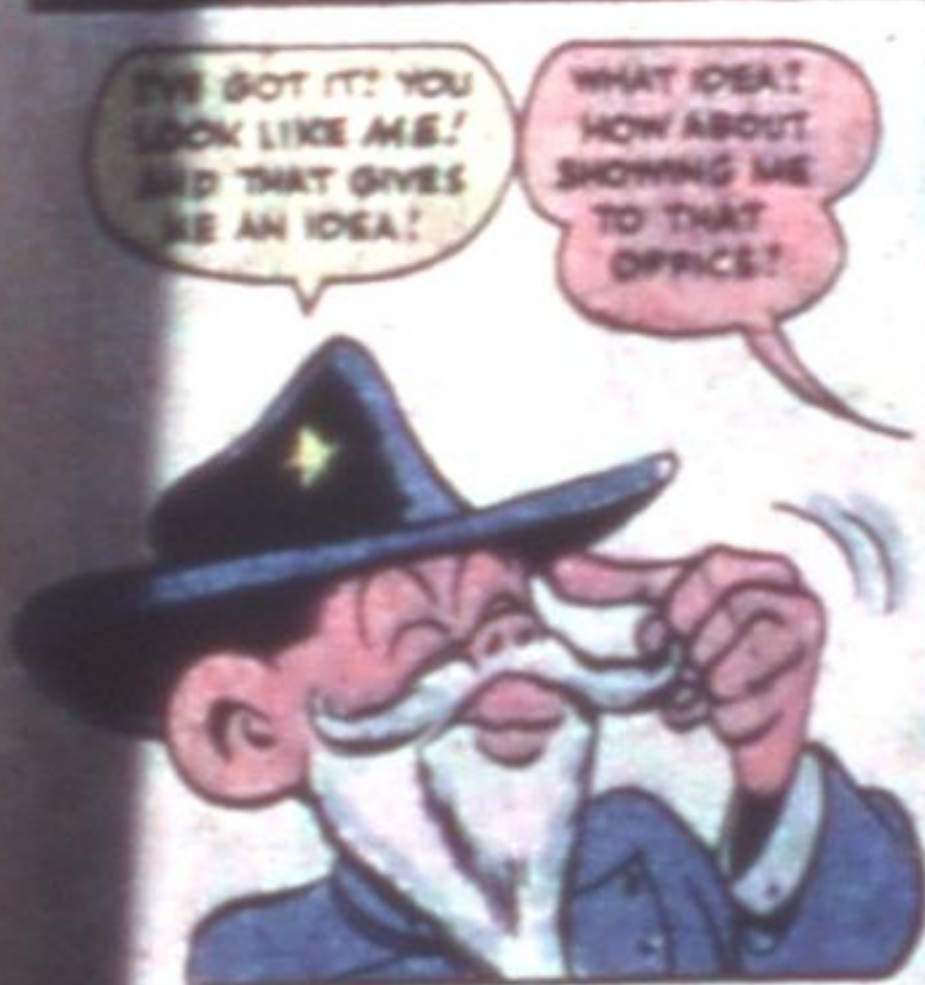
HI, BUDDY,
WHERE'S THE
OFFICE?

HUH?
WHO ARE
YOU?



PRIVATE
DOWNS,
SIR—
U.S. ARMY!

GOSHFREY! WHAT
A SETUP FOR A
SOLDIER! BUT
THERE'S SOME-
THING FAMILIAR
ABOUT YOUR
FACE!



I'VE GOT IT! YOU
LOOK LIKE ME!
AND THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA!

WHAT IDEA?
HOW ABOUT
SHOWING ME
TO THAT
OFFICE?



OFFICE?
OH, SURE— THE
OFFICE! JUST
FOLLOW ME!



THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE AN
OFFICE TO ME, BUT I GUESS
YOU OUGHT TO
KNOW!



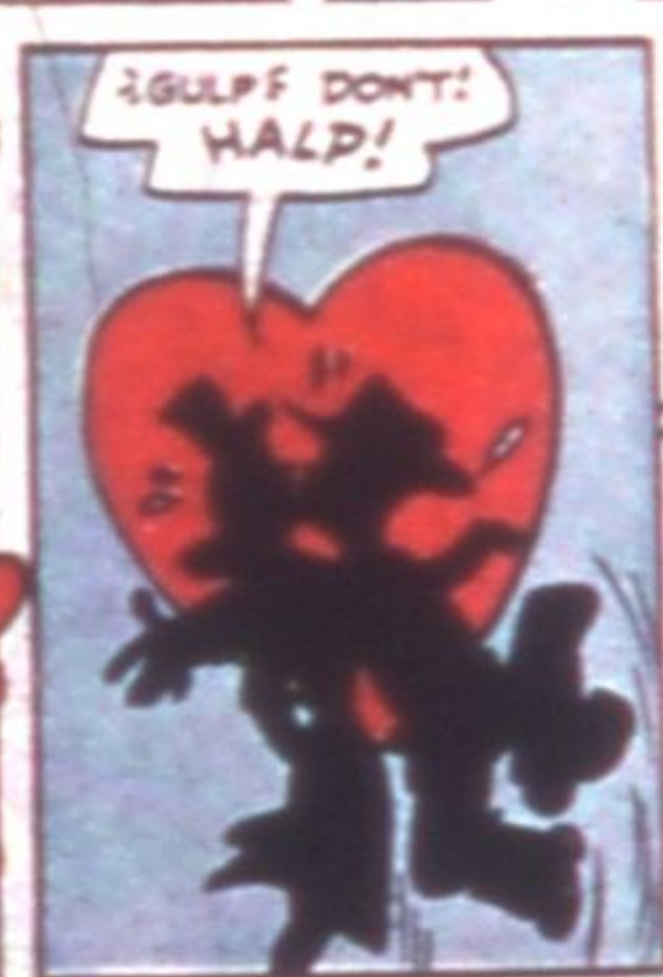
SURE DO KNOW...
PLENTY! USED TO
DO THIS TO THE REBS
HAND TO HAND
COMBAT!

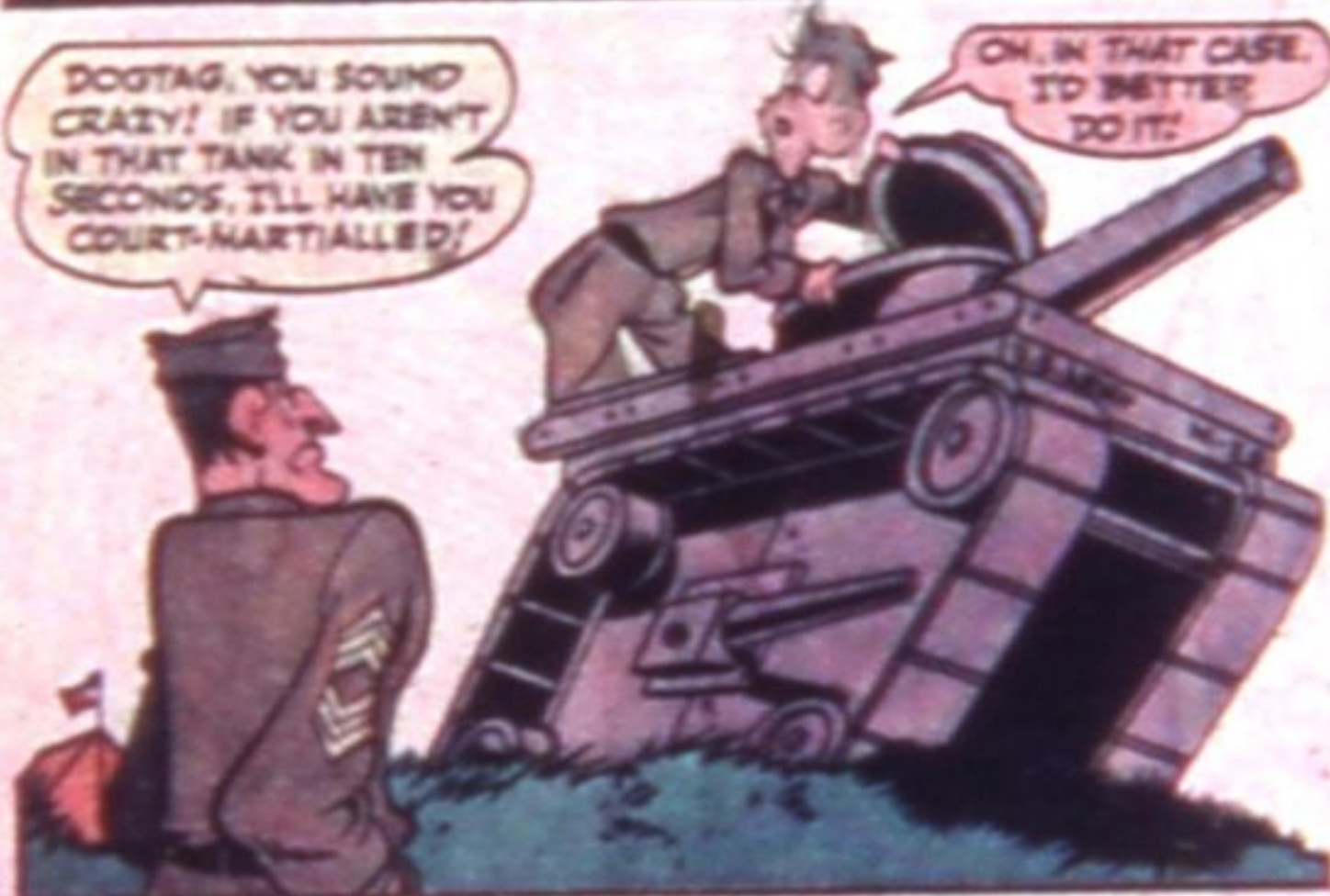
OW-W-W!
LEGGO! HEY,
WHAT'S THE
IDEA?

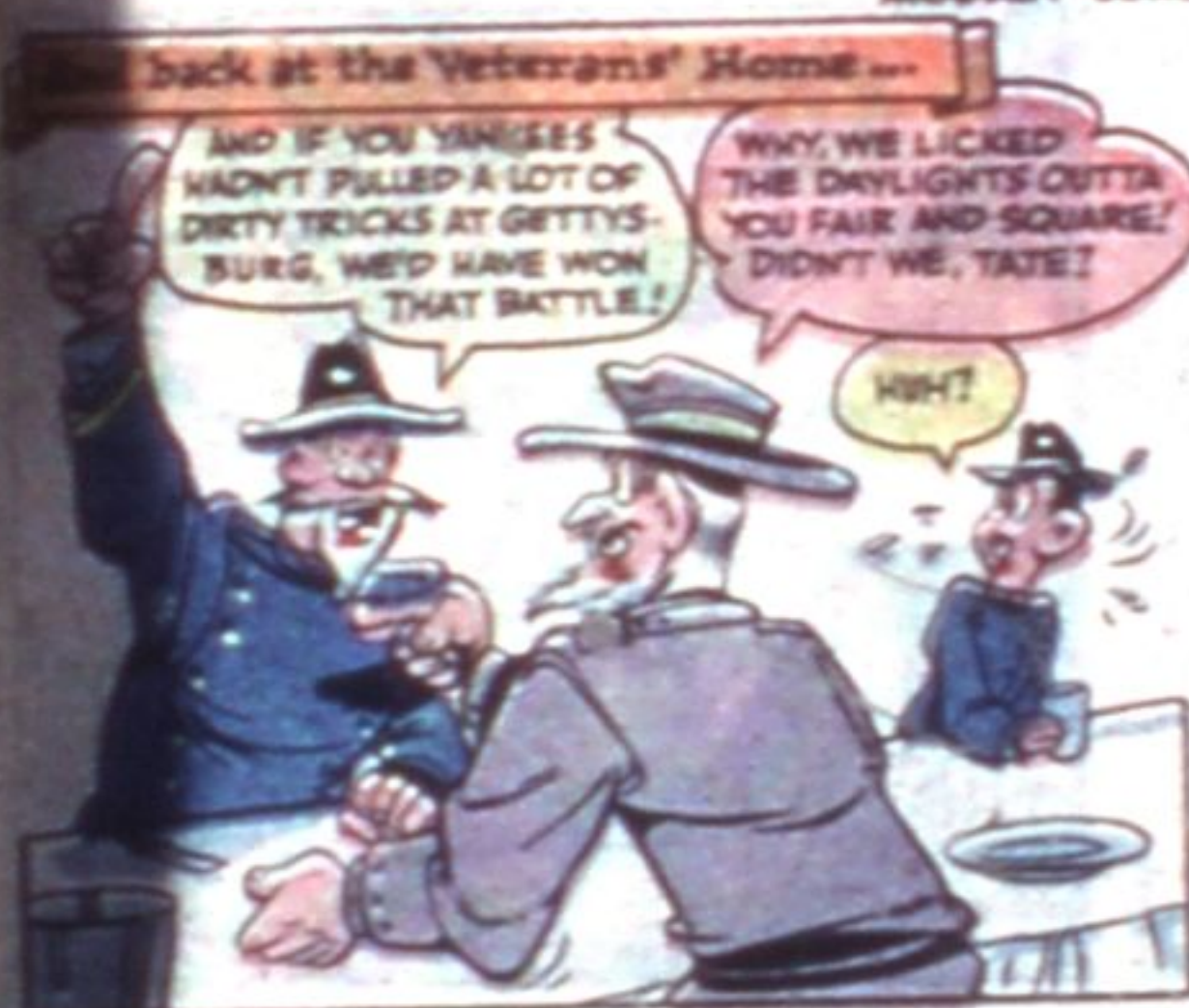


HEY!













MOUNTAINS OF GLASS

LANCE CONNOR sat on the edge of the Sacred Well and gazed off into the blue limitless distance where the flat veldt merged with the Mountains of Glass.

"I can't figure it out," he said to Hans Till, the Dutch planter from Capetown. "Three parties, all well armed and informed on the country and natives, go up there and simply vanish." He shook his head.

"Vell, you know de superstitions of dis dark landt, Lance," said Hans sententiously. "Darkest Africa dey calls id. Und sometimes I tink dey have somethings."

"Bosh!" Lance got up and dusted his whipcord trousers. "That stuff was all right a half century ago, Hans, but—Oh, here comes M'tai."

The native trotted up and halted before the two men. "No word, bwana," he reported. "I have left word to report if anything happens."

"Good," said Lance. "Perhaps tonight the drums will tell us something." He strolled off and slumped down in a folding chair in front of his tent.

The blazing sun burned like a torch. Birds, raucous and loud, screamed from the nearby jungle in a jangled psalm of sound. Flies buzzed in a cloud around his head. Thank heaven, he thought, they were above the marsh country where mosquitoes as big as buffaloes made life miserable.

Lance drew the crumpled old map from his pocket. It was written in a scrawly hand on a piece of heavy wrapping paper. It was old. Commissioner Wright of the Nyanza district said it must be forty years old at least. It had been written by one Toby Mendall.

Toby Mendall had been Lance's great uncle on his fath-

er's side—a roving, tireless spirit who had traveled the far corners of the earth looking for anything that offered a thrill for the taking. Or a fight. Toby had been one to use his fists.

Lance of course didn't remember Toby; he'd passed out of the picture before Lance had appeared in the world. But somehow Lance felt that Toby Mendall was still living; that his spirit would not and could not be stilled.

Just what had happened to Toby was the real reason for this trek into the Mountains of Glass. Lance all his life had wanted to make the trip to search for the famous old explorer. Now he was on his own, heading his own safari, and well on the way.

But months had passed since he came to Africa. Two expeditions—no, three—had disappeared into that scowling north country of the great apes, and never come back.

It would seem that Death lurked in those frowning mountains of mystery. For how else account for three well-outripped parties who failed to return after so many months?

Oh, yes, the map. Toby had sent the map out with a trusted boy, and by devious routes it had at last come into Lance's hands. It showed where one might find, if one were exceedingly clever, a gold mine so rich that it could not be compared to anything else in the entire world.

"Gold is where you find it," the old prospectors said. Well, Toby had evidently found it up there in those forbidding ramparts above the snow line.

Lance meant to rediscover it! That night there were no drum signals, and so Lance knew that nothing had been seen of the lost party. Were

they too gone like the others? What mystery lurked up there in the Mountains of Glass?

Lance got his safari under way early the next morning and soon they were on their way to the north. There was silence among the natives, who feared that trek more than they would let on. Brave men every one of them, but the power of suggestion is strong. Fear of the unknown is the worst fear of all.

By three that afternoon they were in the land of the Pigmies, those strange human caricatures about whom ethnologists knew almost nothing. Short, squat, animal-like in their appearance, the Pigmies were feared for their poison darts, their cannibalism.

No Pigmies were sighted the first day, and the natives breathed easier; it was getting close to the northern bounds of the Pigmy country. Maybe they would see some of the little men. . . .

But early the next morning the lead beater was hit by a long dart. He let out a scream and pitched on his face. Lance ran up to him. He was rolling and moaning, going into convulsions. The Pigmy poison was evil stuff, very deadly. Lance did all he could for the man. But he died after a few minutes, and they had to bury him along the trail.

The effect on the other natives was instantaneous. They shivered and spoke in hushed tones to each other. Fear, stark and terrible, sat on every one of them. Lance talked to them, assuring them that they were now far out of the Pigmy country and that there would be no more trouble from the little men.

Mile after mile fell behind. Lance pondered what type of people inhabited the country of

the Mountains of Glass. No one had ever returned from that mysterious land.

On the fifth day they entered a dark canyon and Lance called a halt. Here was as good a place to make permanent camp as anywhere. Water aplenty flowed past them in a narrow, rushing river. It was cold even at this elevation; they had to climb several thousand feet higher. Up there it would be intensely cold. They had come prepared.

Lance debated going ahead alone, but Hans Till vetoed that: "Nah, Lance, too dangerous. We'll take a few of the best boys, well armed."

That evening Lance studied his map. It gave a fair approximation of the canyon in which they had made camp. Beyond it, and steadily climbing, it showed a flat surface of cliff. On this Toby had made some marks which Lance could not make out. Hieroglyphics. Maybe he meant some ancient race held forth in this valley. Then there was a sketch of a great white ape and a series of the ape's footprints leading into the cliff. But there was no indication of a door.

Lance put the map away and pulled himself in his blankets. The fire had burned to a few embers. It was quiet in the canyon. Hans snored nearby. The blacks ringed the little campsite, their spears stacked close to them.

The scream that woke Lance brought him upright. The scream was repeated, farther off. It sent a shiver down his spine. The cry of a fighting gorilla, than which there is no more blood-curdling sound in the jungle.

Hans Till didn't stir; he was accustomed to the sounds of jungle life. Lance lay back, and soon dropped to sleep again.

The party got under way just after dawn. They forged upward over a rocky trail that here and there showed huge footprints of the apes. It grew cold-

Then they were abreast of the Mountains of Glass—towering escarpments of gleaming mica. Lance made a snap guess that there were millions of tons of the stuff visible in the morning sun. A fortune in mica right there! But gold was what he wanted.

They marched along the base of the mica cliffs, seeing nothing, hearing not a sound except those made by their progress. Then suddenly a scream tore the quiet. And bounding down toward them came a troop of shaggy white apes, gigantic creatures screaming and beating their breasts. Lance and Hans began firing into the pack, but the bullets didn't stop them. A few fell, but more came on. Soon they were going down under the weight of the animal attack. Lance was struck on the head and everything went black.

The next thing he knew he was being carried up a twisting path. It was dark. He smelled the ugly fur of the giant ape that lugged him. Then at a bend in the trail he looked at a sudden flash of light on his right. He gasped. He was behind the wall of mica, far up the cliff. He could see down into the canyon a thousand feet. Then he knew how the apes could watch the trail into this forbidden land—watch from behind the mica walls, without showing themselves.

But what was this? Apes were not that smart. What were they going to do with him? Surely this was a man-directed pilgrimage. Where were they bound?

Soon they came to a great cavern, dark on three sides but on the right covered by a vast sheet of clear mica. It overlooked a dizzy view of the canyon floor. Then Lance saw the old man who squatted on a throne at one side of the cavern. He was dressed in the white hide of an ape, but the headpiece was thrown back revealing the face of a whiskered white man!

"Toby!" shouted Lance. The

great ape put him down and he walked toward the throne. "Toby!" he said again. Slow recognition came into the pale eyes staring from the whiskered face. "Uncle Toby, don't you know me?"

"Lance!" croaked the man. "It is you, nephew?"

"Yes," said Lance. "Why, you're a king here!"

Toby laughed long and loudly. His eyes glowed. Plainly he was at least partially insane. "Ho, ho! A king! Yes, indeed a king, Lance! A king of the white apes!" He laughed again. Then he made clucking noises to the several apes that crouched around the apartment. They silently disappeared.

Lance's eyes bugged. "You mean you can talk their language, Uncle Toby?"

"Why not?" said the old man. "I've been here forty years, living with 'em. They won't let me leave. I guess they think I'm king, all right. But I don't want to leave now, boy. Been away too long. Anyway I never liked people much. . . ." He stared into the distance.

"But I," began Lance. "Will they let me leave? I came to find you."

"They will if I tell 'em to. But not your men."

"What happened to the other three parties?" Lance asked. "Were they—"

"Killed," stated the old man bluntly. "Had nothing to do with it. Dunno why they saved you, Lance. Maybe you can't get out either. Think you'd like to take over as king of the white apes, boy?" Toby laughed crazily.

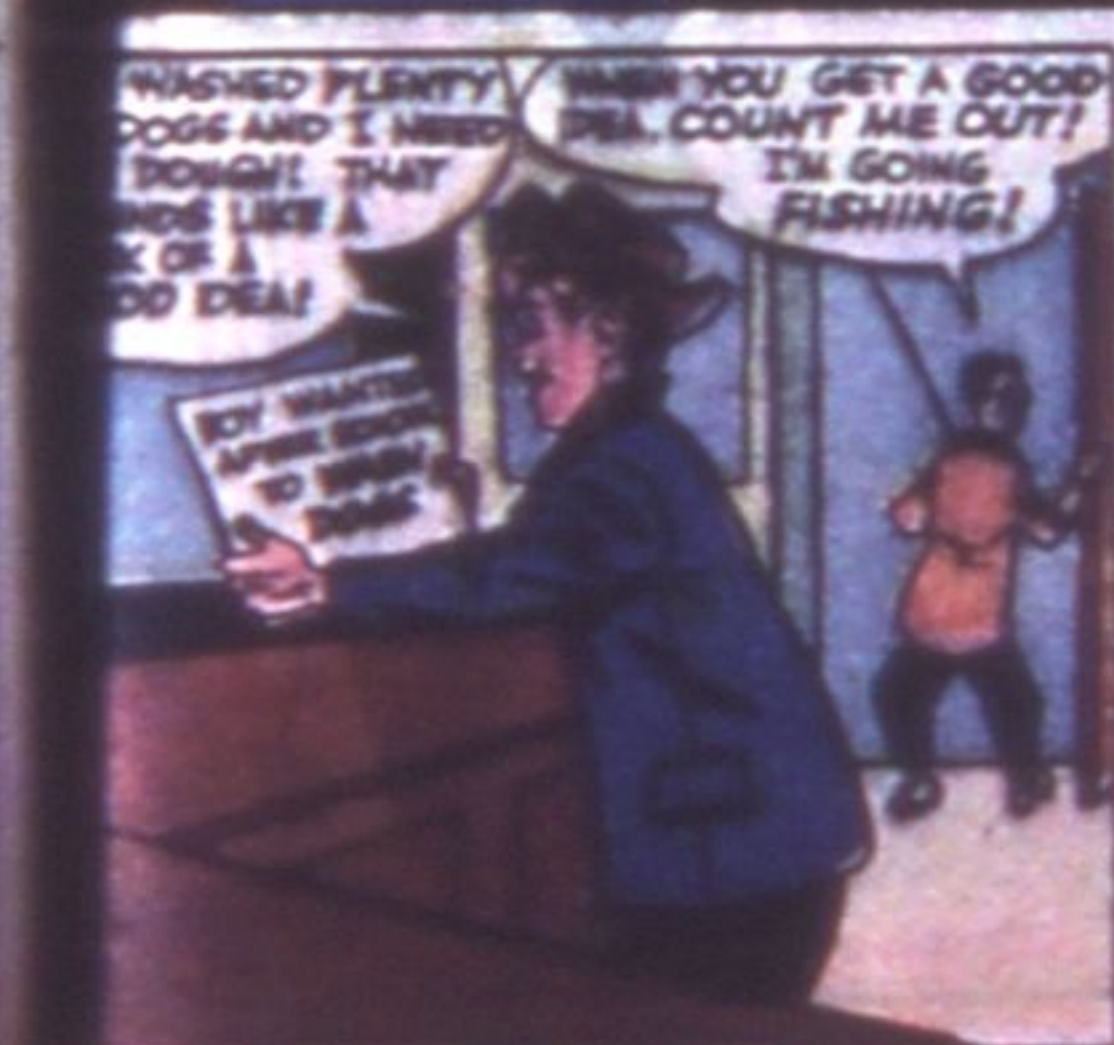
Lance looked around. A dozen huge apes crept up toward him, their eyes blazing. Toby laughed again.

Lance drew his revolver, but Toby grabbed his arm. "No, no," he screamed. "Let me handle this. . . ."

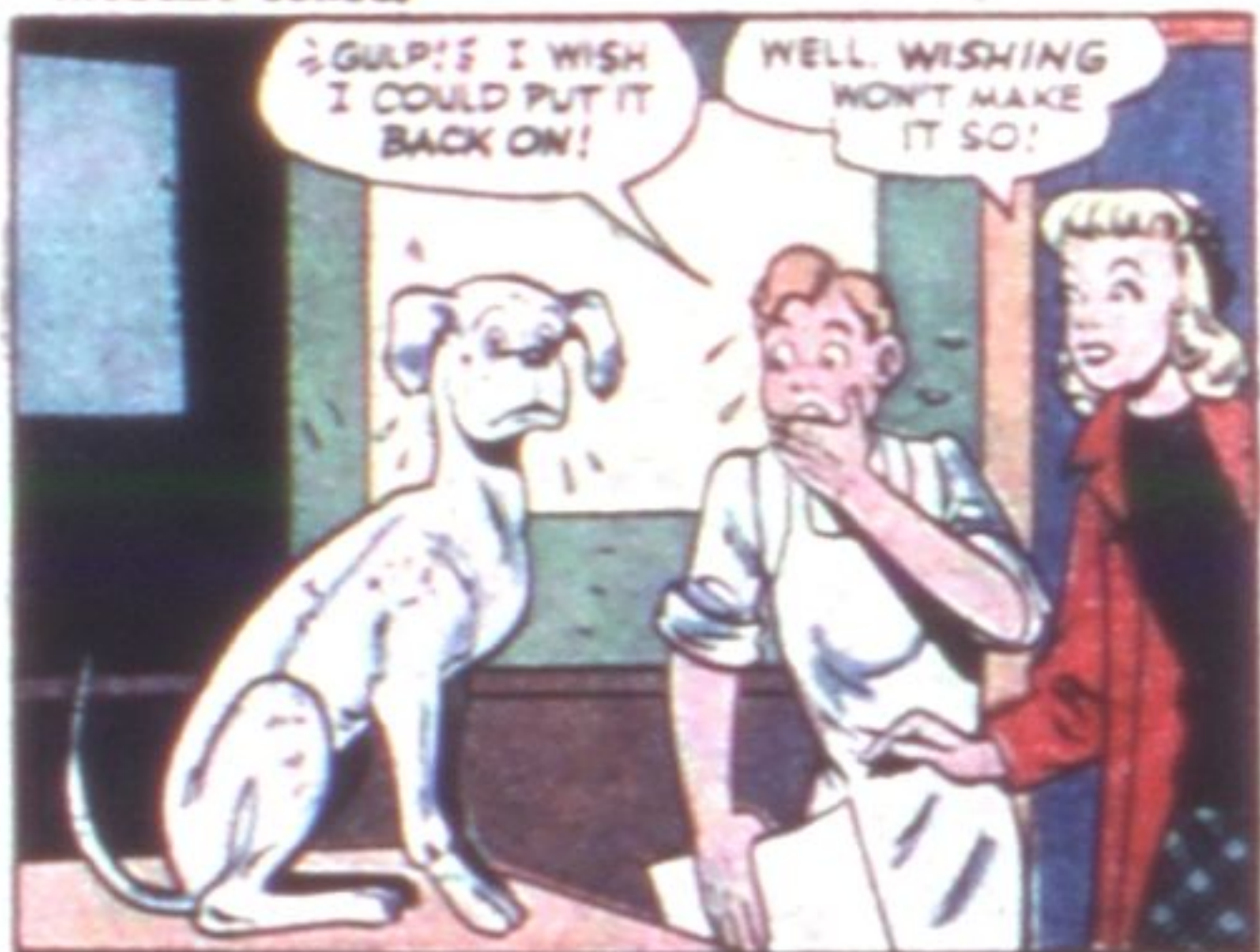
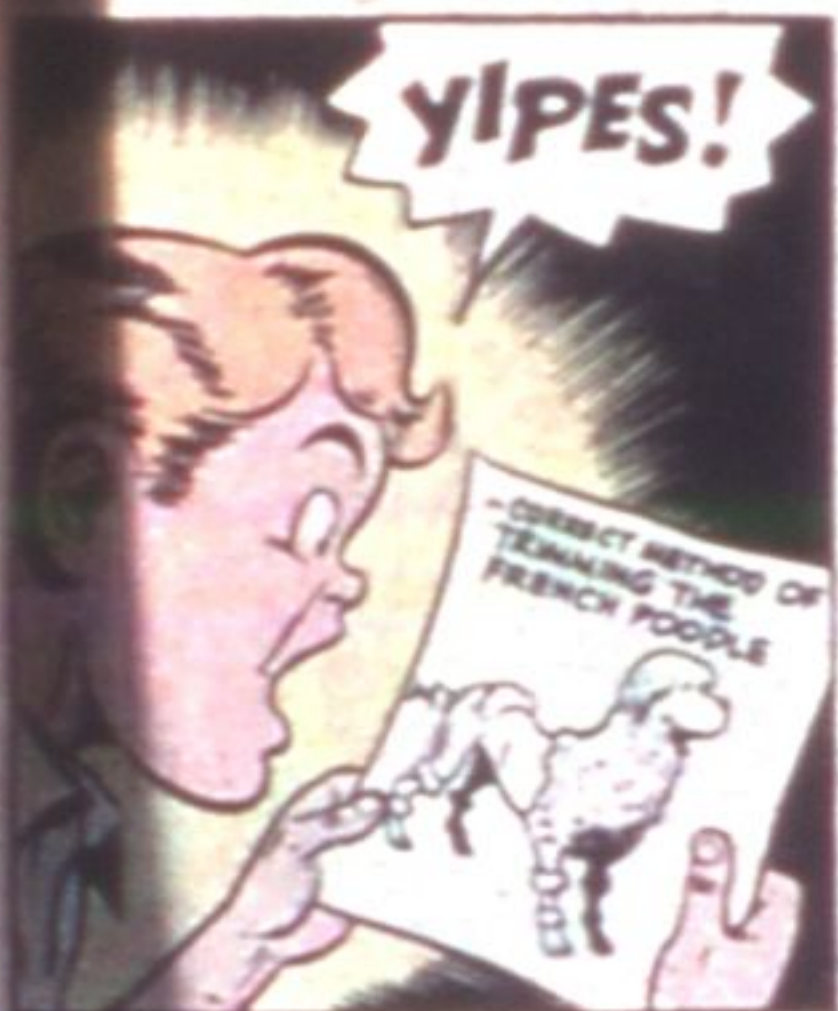
WILL LANCE GET AWAY FROM THE APES? WE'LL SEE NEXT MONTH.

EZRA











THIS LAUNDRY SOAP WILL
TAKE THE INK SPOTS
OUT --- I HOPE!



GULP! I JUST AS BAD
AS BEFORE! OW!
WHAT A FIX!



WHY DIDN'T
I THINK OF THIS
BEFORE?



THIS IS SURE TO
REMOVE THE
SPOTS FROM IN
FRONT OF MY
EYES!



BOTH OF THEM?
BUT, BUT ---



BEAUTIFUL!
IT TOOK A FULL
BOTTLE OF BLEACHING
FLUID TO DO IT!

YOU DID A SWELL
JOB ON BOTH OF
THEM, EZRA!



"THE DALMATIAN, COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE COACH DOG, OR FIREHOUSE DOG, IS THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL SPOTTED CANINES!"



ONE OF THOSE DOGS IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SPOTS! NOW, WHAT A SPOT FOR MR. DANIELS TO WALK IN!

OH-H-H-H!

SLAM!



ROLLO, OLD PAL! GOSH, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

HUH?



I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU SAY THAT — AND YOU CAN'T BORROW MY NEW POLE!

AW, HECK! I JUST FINISHED AND HAVE TO GO HOME! I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D MIND THE SHOP UNTIL MR. DANIELS GETS BACK!



OH, SURE, EZRA, AND HERE ARE THE TWO TICKETS, IF YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE IN A MOVIE WITH MYRNA!

THANKS, ROLLO, I WON'T FORGET THIS FAVOR!



EZRA, YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF — RUNNING OFF AND LEAVING ROLLO HOLDING THE BAG!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, MYRNA! ROLLO IS A DIPLOMAT! HE'LL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE IT!



TIME passes
and TIME
takes care
of all
things —
they say!

GOSH, I HOPE ROLLO
MADE OUT ALL RIGHT
WITH MR. DANIELS
AND THE DOGS!

OOOH!
DON'T
MENTION
DOGS!

BIJOU

"LADDIE GO HOME" AND
"MAN'S BEST FRIEND
IS HIS DOG" ALSO
"NO DOG IS BETTER THAN NONE"
— A SNEET COMEDY —

THREE
DOG
PICTURES!

YIPES!

WHAT A SHAME, EZRA!
WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK!
I KNOW YOU DON'T
WANT TO SIT THROUGH
THIS SHOW!

GULP!

OH, HEH, HEH — I DON'T
MIND! LET'S HURRY! WE
DON'T WANT TO MISS
ANY OF IT!

BUT—BUT—
EZRA, I
THOUGHT—

TALK ABOUT WOMEN!
YOU MEN SURE CAN
CHANGE YOUR MINDS
IN A HURRY!

THE CREEP THINKS I
DIDN'T SEE HIM SNEAK
IN! HE'LL HAVE TO
COME OUT SOME
TIME!

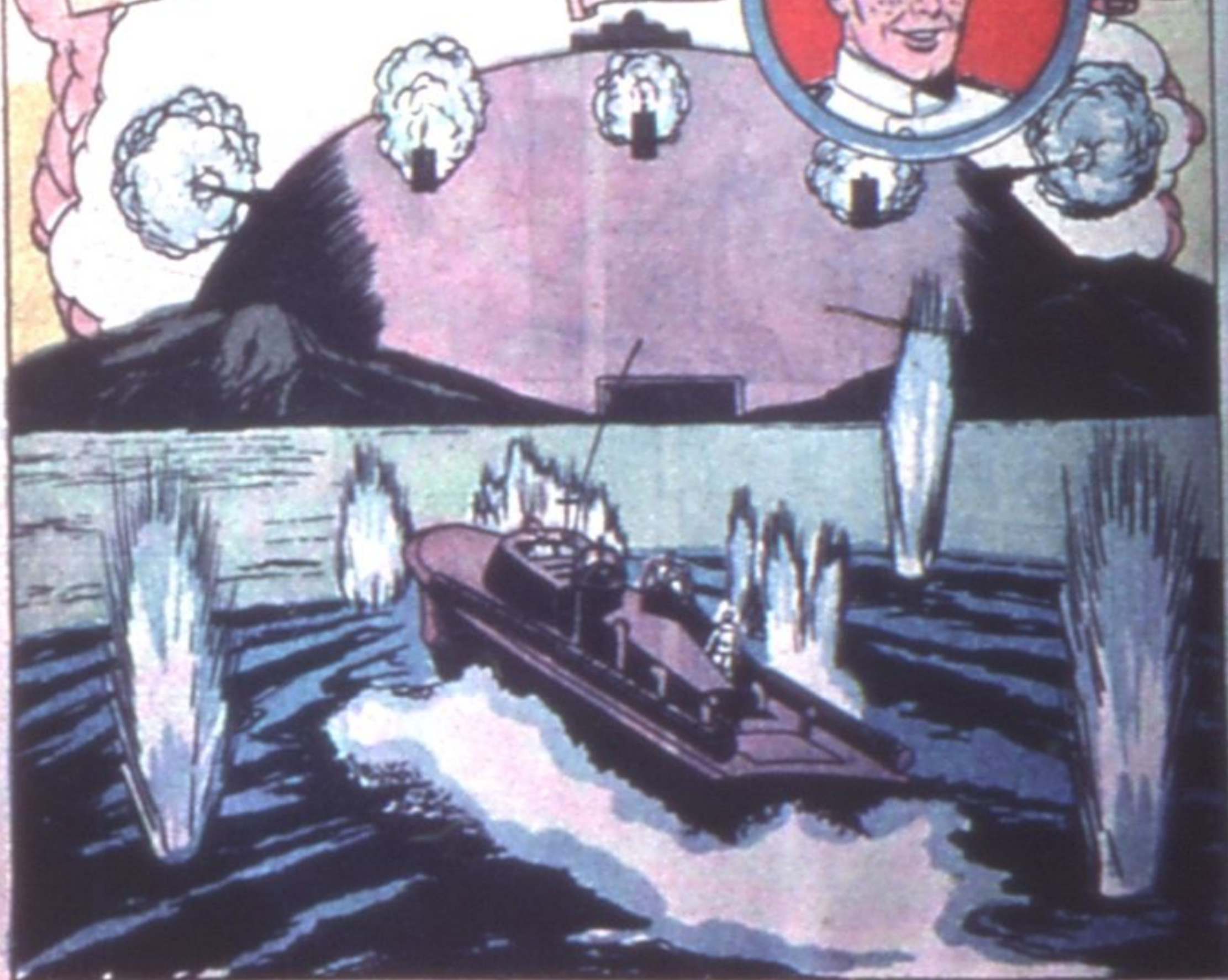
BIJO

PT Boat

ORDERS FOR MTB SQUADRON SIX:
The enemy base at Mawuino Island has been overrun.
But the Japs still hold the floating steel fortress in the
harbor mouth. Until they are dislodged, Mawuino harbor
is useless to our shipping.
This looks like an impossible job. Proceed to do the
impossible, and without delay!

Lt. Perry
Tobias

Lt. Paul
Harvey



The thunder of guns falls silent on Mawvino Island. And then—

SURRENDER!
OR WE'LL
BLOW YOU
TO BITS!

THINK
THE JAPS
HEARD
YOU?

WE'LL GET
THEIR ANSWER
IN A MINUTE!

THE YENGEES DEMAND
SURRENDER, SIR!
ALL OUR TROOPS
ON THE ISLAND
ARE WIPED OUT!

WE
SHALL
FIGHT!

THIS FORTRESS COMMANDS
THE HARBOR ENTRANCE!
WHILE WE STAY HERE, NO
SHIPS CAN PASS! NO
SUPPLIES CAN REACH
THE ENEMY TROOPS!

THESE WALLS ARE BUILT OF STEEL,
SIXTEEN FEET THICK! WE ARE
SAFE FROM SHELLS OR BOMBS!
IF THE YENGEES TRY TO CAPTURE
THE FORT BY ASSAULT, WE WILL
DROWN THEM IN THEIR
OWN BLOOD!

FIRE!

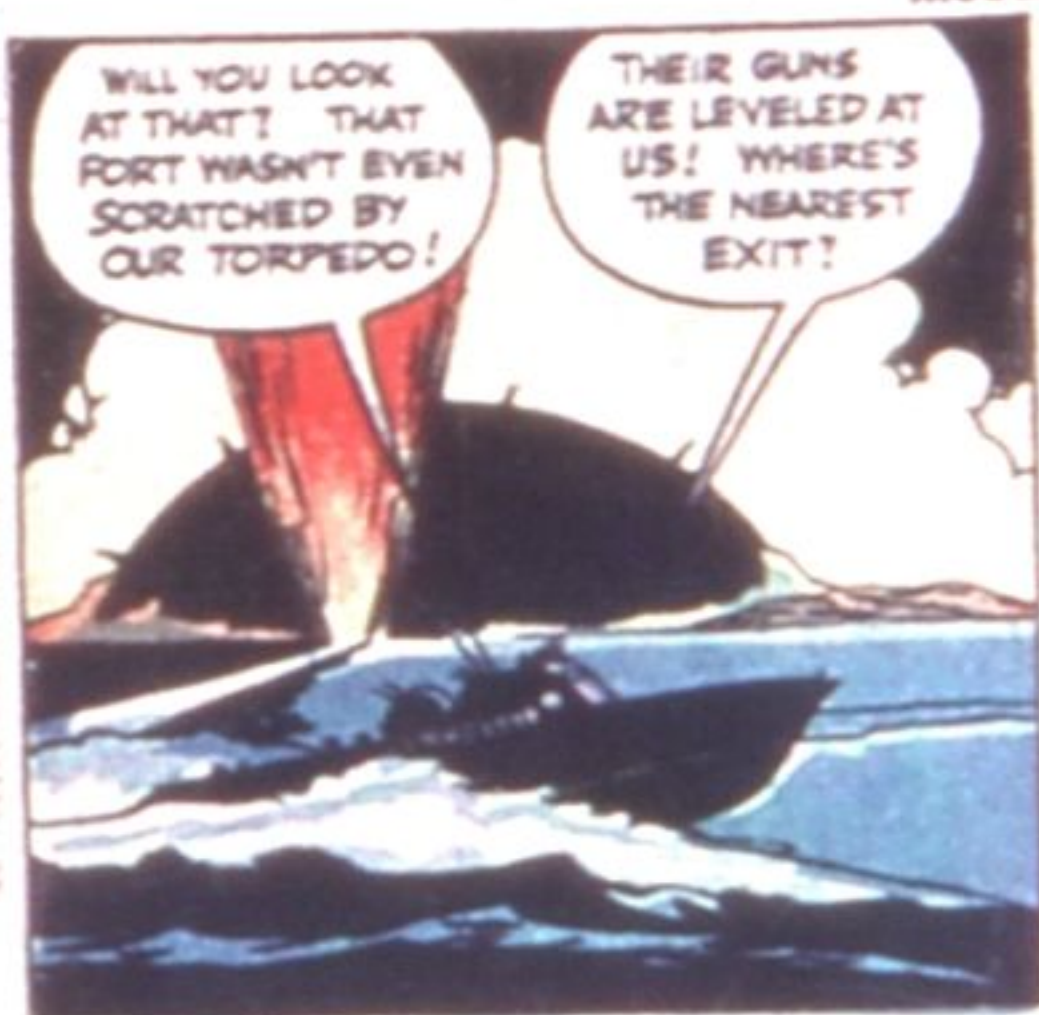
THERE'S
YOUR
ANSWER!

WE WILL REPLY IN
KIND! BRING UP THE
SHORE BATTERIES! POUR
A BARAGE ONTO THAT
FLOATING FORTRESS!

Some time later, at the home base of MTB Squadron Six --





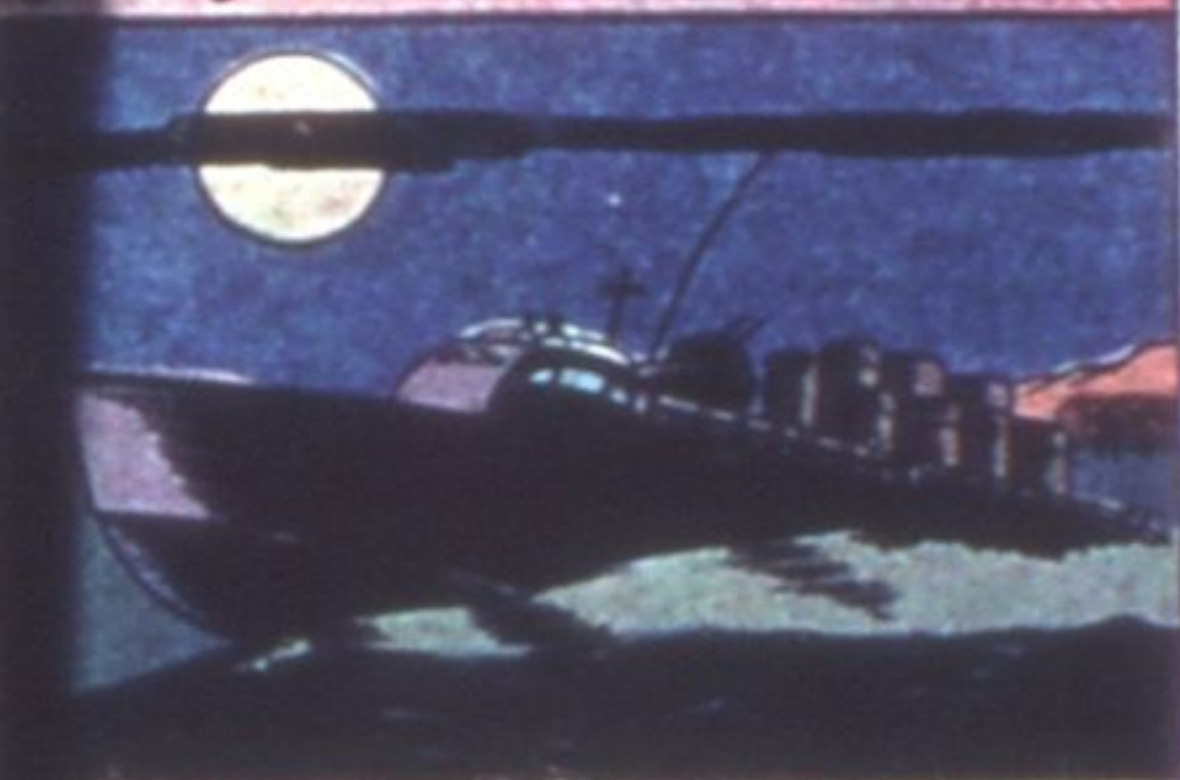


THEIR GUNS ARE LEVELED AT US! WHERE'S THE NEAREST EXIT?





Night - and through thickening darkness a single PT boat moves out of the base, groaning under the weight of piled oil drums—



Softly the PT boat rubs its side against the steel slopes —

SO FAR,
SO GOOD!

UNLOAD THE DRUMS!
I'LL LOOK FOR A WAY
INSIDE, SO I CAN
PLANT THE
DETONATOR!

GOOD
LUCK!

HERE'S AN
ENTRANCE THE
JAPS LEFT
UNGUARDED!

THE LIGHT
GLOWS! SOMEONE
ENTERS THE
FORT!

CLANG! CLANG!
WOOOOWWWW!

GOOD NIGHT,
SUSAN! I
MUST HAVE
SET OFF AN
AIR RAID
ALARM!

MAN THE GUNS!
WE MUST REPEL THE
INVADERS!

THE CONTROL SWITCH!
IT WILL SEAL OFF
THE UPPER CHAMBERS!







I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



KIT 1

Send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



KIT 2

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It even helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3

You get parts to build Radio Circuit; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair small defects.



KIT 4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes; check; give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you many valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$8, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make. Our 31st Year of Training Men for Success in Radio

EXTRA money doing Radio in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny post.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6BA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 25, D. C.

Good for Both - FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 6BA3

National Radio Institute, Washington 25, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____ (FZ)

**My Course Includes Training in
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS
FREQUENCY MODULATION**



"VEST POCKET" POWER

Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

ELECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie — famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these store-rooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.



HANDIE-TALKIE — five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it will be ideal, when available, for fire fighting, outdoor jobs, exploring.



BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID — lets Dad hear his son play those first tunes. It measures 4¼ by 2½ inches and weighs a mere 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery — available now — has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.



SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE, this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, already available at dealers.



An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery — 21½ volts of power — nestling with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before. For longer flashlight life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

* The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.